

No. 8



BATMAN

DEC.
JAN.

NO. 8 & NO. 9

10¢



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BATMAN

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10¢

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ANOTHER MESSAGE TO OUR READERS

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Following is a complete list of the
magazines which comprise the
SUPERMAN DC Comic Group:

ACTION COMICS
DETECTIVE COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS
FLASH COMICS
SUPERMAN
BATMAN
ALL-STAR COMICS
ALL FLASH QUARTERLY
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS
GREEN LANTERN

WHEN we announced the formation of our Editorial Advisory Board in all our publications last month, we really did not expect such a wonderful reaction. We are receiving letters every day from every state in the union, from people in every walk of life, complimenting us on our selection and thanking us for our efforts in providing the boys and girls of America with clean, wholesome, comic entertainment.

It makes us very happy, indeed, to see that the majority of these letters are written and sent to us by the parents of our readers and our Editorial Advisory Board joins us in expressing our appreciation.

We welcome, at all times, letters from our readers as well as their parents and we hope that many more of you will write us.

This month we take great pleasure in introducing two more members of our Editorial Advisory Board.

Dr. William Moulton Marston, the well-known consulting psychologist, received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Harvard University. He has been a lecturer in psychology at the Universities of Columbia, New York and Southern California, and director of the Psychological Clinic at Tufts College. He is a frequent contributor to such outstanding magazines as *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Readers' Digest*.

Our other new member of the Editorial Advisory Board is **Dr. W. W. Sones**, Professor of Education and Director of Curriculum Study at the University of Pittsburgh. Dr. Sones is also a consultant of the Pennsylvania State Department of Education and the Carnegie Foundation for Teachers.

Sincerely,

The Publishers

P.S. Miss Josette Frank, of the Child Study Association recently made a radio address over station WABC and the Columbia Network on the subject of "CHILDREN'S COMICS." A copy of this address will be sent without charge to those readers or parents requesting it.



THIS TRADEMARK IS
YOUR GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST IN
COMIC READING

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN



STARTLING NEWS HEADLINES
THE MORNING PAPERS...



RUSSO CONFERS WITH HIS LAWYER
IN A POLICE STATION CELL...



BIG MIKE RUSSO'S TRIAL IS A
SHORT ONE...



WARDEN HOBBS GREET'S HIS NEW CHARGE...



THE NEWS OF BIG MIKE'S CAPTURE HAS TRAVELED VIA THE PRISON...



AND AT THAT VERY INSTANT, THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR MIKE'S IMPRISONMENT SPEAKS TO HIS YOUNG AGE--



BUT THE NEXT DAY HE WARDEN HOBBS DRIVE BACK FROM THE CITY TOWARD THE JAIL...



SOMETIME LATER--IN A HIDDEN ROOM--



YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!

MAYBE--THAT'S RIGHT, MAC. THAT EYEBROW GOES UP A LITTLE THERE--YEAH--NOW YOU'VE GOT IT?

MOMENTS AFTER--TWO WARDEN HOBBS STAND IN THE ROOM!



A CLEVER MAKEUP JOB--BUT YOU'LL NEVER FOOL ANYBODY. WHAT ABOUT VOICE AND GESTURES?

WE'RE TAKING CARE OF THAT, TOO! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEANT!

THE LIGHTS WINK OUT AND--

I DO NOT BELIEVE IN CAPITAL PUNISHMENT FOR MEN WHO--

--WE ALSO HAVE GOOD TALKS SOON. YOU'VE AN IMPORTANT MEANT. WE'VE ENOUGH MATERIAL TO HAVE OUR MAN COPY YOUR GESTURES AND MANNER OF SPEAKING. CLEVER. ENT.

A NEWS-REEL OF ME!



LATER THAT EVENING--TWO BOATS PULL UP BEFORE THE ISLAND PRISON--



YOU'RE BACK LATE, WARDEN. WHY ALL THE NEW GUARDS?

I GOT A TIP THAT THERE MAY BE AN ATTEMPTED PRISON BREAK TONIGHT!

BUT ONCE INSIDE THE PRISON WALLS, THE NEW GUARDS MOVE FAST, AND THIS SCENE IS DUPLICATED MANY TIMES IN THE DEATH HOUSE WING--



GET EM UP!

HUH?

HVA, BOSS? EVERYTHING WORKED LIKE A CHARM--WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR FEET?

AL--IF I DON'T KNOW AND YOU WAS, I'D SAY YOU WAS HIDING YOURSELF ON MY FEET! THESE PRISON SHOES!--NOW I CAN PUT ON SOME SORT SHOES!



THE PRISON GUARDS ARE STRIPPED OF THEIR GUNS AND HERDED FORWARD INTO THE PRISON YARD--



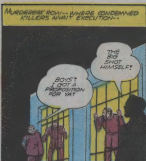
YOU GUARDS--I'M GONNA MAKE THIS PLACE MY HEADQUARTERS--NOW, YOU PLAY BALL WITH ME AND YOU'LL BE EATIN' OUTA GOLD PLATES!

NOT MET YOU CAN'T USE ME FOR YOUR ROTTEN WORK.

A SHOT CRASHES THROUGH THE SILENT NIGHT--



THAT'S WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO OTHER GUARDS! NOW--YOU WANNA THROW IN WITH ME--I THINK IT OVER!

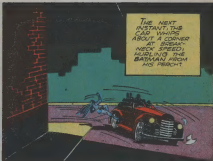




IN THE TUMBLE, A HANDKERCHIEF FALLS
AND THE BATMAN CREATES A CLIMAX
OF THE MAN'S RACE---



THE NEXT
INSTANT, THE
CAR WHIPS
ABOUT A CORNER
AT BREAK-
NECK SPEED,
HURLING THE
BATMAN FROM
HIS PERCH.



SOMETHING'S
WROUGHT THAT
CLASHMAN IS
TRIGGER SHERMAN--
SUPPOSED TO BE
ON NORTH ISLAND
PRISON, WAITING
FOR EXECUTION--



THE BATMAN VISITS
COMMISSIONER GORDON--

--AND TRIGGER
SHERMAN IS IN
THE SAME PRISON
THAT BIG MIKE
RUSSO IS IN, AND
THOSE GORRONS
LATELY ALL READ
THE STAMP OF WOLF
MARKET

RUSSO BEHIND ALL
THIS
IMPOSSIBLE TO PROVE
YOU'RE
WORTHY, I'LL
TAKE YOU
TO THE PRISON
MYSELF--



AND SO--LATER THAT DAY--

THE
PRISON
SEEMS TO
BE IN
ORDER
HARDEN

PERHAPS ITS
BECAUSE I SENT
THEM HERE?

BATMAN--
YOU DON'T
SEEM VERY
POPULAR?

THE
BATMAN--
BOO?

BOO?
BATMAN?



BATMAN--
HERE'S
TRIGGER
SHERMAN?

HELLO,
TRIGGER?
HOW ARE
THEY DEALING
YOU?

JUST DANDY
YOU GOTTA
EXCUSE ARE
NOW --I
GOTTA PUT
ON A
TUXEDO SO I
CAN GO TO
THE POLICEMAN'S
BALL?



BIG MIKE RUSSO RECEIVES THE VISITOR--

WELL--
THE BATMAN
AND COMMISSIONER
GORDON? THIS
IS AN
HONOR?

TOO BAD
I CAN'T
SAY THE
SAME?



SUDDENLY THE BATMAN
RIVETS HIS KEEN EYES ON
RUSSO'S FEET...



LATER... OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS...



SO RUSSO IS WEARING SPECIAL SHOES INSTEAD OF THE REGULATION ONES--SOMETHING'S WRONG!

COULD I WANT TO APPROVE TO HAVE ME SENT TO JAIL?

HUH?

THE NEXT DAY A SHAKING BOWLING PERSONAL IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE BOSS' HARBOR?

GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GIVE THIS ALLEGED THE OLD SPIEL!

AMM--ALLO "KILLER" SUES-- AS THE PRISON WARDEN I WISH TO WARN...

SAVE THE SOFT SOAP, BROTHA! I DON'T INTEREST!



LATER, AS ONE OF THE PRISON GUARDS PUSHES THE PRISONER TOWARD HIS CELL...



DON'T SHOUT I CAN WALK IN MYSELF!



HOLD IT-- TOUGH GUY, EH?

I'LL KILL YOU!

TOUGH ENOUGH WANTS IT TO YOU?



I CAN USE TOUGH GUY! YOU'RE KILLED SUESS! MAYBE I CAN LET YOU IN ON SOMETHING BIG!

YEAH?-- START TALKIN'?

SOMETIME LATER--IN HIS OWN CELL, THE PRISONER SMILES-- FOR UNDER THE CLEVER MAKEUP IS THE GRINNING FACE OF BRUCE WAYNE, THE BATMAN--



I'M IN! NOW I'VE GOT TO GET HAD TO ROBIN--HIS MURDER OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS-- CAN'T USE MY COMBAT WARELESS--WANT--I HAVE AN IDEA!

OUTSIDE IN THE PRISON YARD, A HAND SCRAWLS A MESSAGE ON A BASEBALL--



OUT OF THE WAY, PRINCE-- I'M OUT!

HERE, ATCHER-- I LIKE A NEW BALL WHEN I PLAY!

THE BATMAN WAITS TILL THE RIGHT PITCH COMES ALONG. AND THEN----



---A SMALL FIGURE DARTS TOWARD THE BOUNDING BALL AND SNAGGING IT, RACES AWAY!

THE BATMAN SAID HIS MESSAGE WOULD COME OVER THE WALL SOMEWAY-- THIS MUST BE IT!



THAT NIGHT---

OKAY, YOU GUYS---YOU GOT YOUR ORDERS. KILLER, THIS IS YOUR FIRST JOB. WITH ME. LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO!

DON'T WORRY-- YOU'LL SEE PLenty BEFORE THE NIGHT IS OVER!



ONE HOUR LATER-- 9 O'CLOCK--- THE RINK WAREHOUSE

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHAT'RE YA STARIN' AT ME FOR?

C'MON, KILLER. GOT THOSE-- HOLY SMOKE?



YOUR FACE-- IT'S MELTIN'!

THAT AIN'T HIS FACE! IT'S MAKEUP...THE TERRIFIC HEAT OF THAT LIGHT BULB HE'S STANDIN' UNDER MELTED IT!



THE BATMAN'S HAND DARTS SWIFTLY TO THE LIGHT SWITCH, AND---

GET THE LIGHT ON, SOME-BOOY!

---WHERE IS THAT GUY?

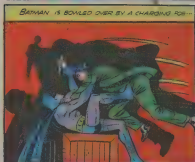
THE BATMAN!

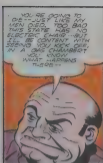
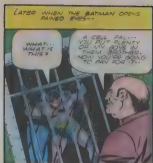
RIGHT HERE! CHUM!



THEN PLUNGING INTO THE ROOM IS ROBIN. THE BOY WONDER---







A FLOOR BELOW, A STEEL DOOR CLOSES—ROBIN HAS BEEN PUT IN SOLITARY!

A BARE STEEL ROOM! ABOVE A TINY VENTILATOR. NO KEYHOLE ON THE DOOR.

FOOTSTEPS! THE BATMAN MARCHING TOWARD HIS DOOR—THE GAS CHAMBER.



OKAY--
SILLY KID--
LET'S SEE
YOU GET
OUT OF
THERE!



THERE'S NO
WAY OUT. NO
KEYHOLE--NOTHING
BUT STEEL WALLS.
WAIT--WHAT'S
THAT--
FOOTSTEPS!



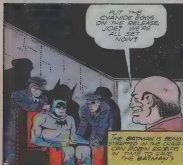
BELOW--ROBIN
GAINS INSIGHT!
HOW CAN HE
ESCAPE FROM AN
ESCAPE-PROOF CELL?

GOT TO GET OUT--
IF I COULD ONLY
MOVE THAT DOOR
OUTSIDE--NEED A
MAGNET FOR THAT--
MAGNET--I'VE GOT
IT--MY BELT--
WIRELESS SET--
DYNAMO!



NOTE-- A DYNAMO CONSISTS OF A MAGNET WITH WIRE AROUND IT!

GOOD THING DYNAMO
MAGNETS ARE THE
MOST POWERFUL
IN THE WORLD--
NOW--MOVE THE
LATCH UP LIKE THIS!



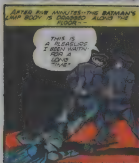
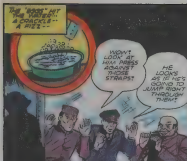
PUT THE
CYANIDE EGGS
ON THE RELEASE,
JOE. WE'RE
ALL SET
NOW!

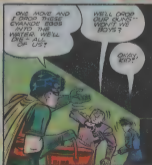
THE BATMAN IS BEING
STRAPPED IN THE CHAIR.
CAN ROBIN ESCAPE
IN TIME TO SAVE
THE BATMAN?

MINUTES PASS--CRIMINALS EAGERLY
OBSERVE, AS THEIR NUMBER ONE THE BATMAN
IS ABOUT TO DIE!

IT TOOK ME,
MIKE RUSSO,
TO END THE
CAREER OF THE
GREAT BATMAN!
HA-HA!







THE WINNING TEAM!

BATMAN

AND

ROBIN

BATTLE THEIR WAY
THROUGH FAST
AND FANTASTIC
ENCOUNTERS WITH

The World's Worst
(AND THEREFORE BEST!)

VILLAINS
EVERY MONTH

IN

DETECTIVE COMICS!



"I'll be seeing you on
the screen... with more
thrills than ever before!"

Yes, the world's greatest
adventure strip character
is now the movies' great-
est action hero. Ask the
manager of your favorite
theatre when "SUPERMAN"
is coming to your town!



SEE how the Man of
Steel came from the plan-
et Krypton and devel-
oped his wonderful speed,
strength and vision!

SEE Superman rescu-
e the mad-men who
tried to rule the world!

SEE Superman hold up
a skyscraper... face the
death ray ray gun!

SUPERMAN

IS IN THE
MOVIES!

Don't miss a single one of these Paramount Shorts in TECHNICOLOR!

RESCUE MISSION

BY JOHN HILTON

THIS was the first day in three rain hadn't hampered the search. Today, there was no sun but at least a pilot could see. Anxiously, Navy pilot Bob Crane focussed his binoculars over Death Jungle, which held the secret of Doctor Scott and his two assistants, who had been reported missing from the expedition. This was the last day the navy planes could search.

The Commander had been right when he said anyone lost in this jungle was likely to stay there. It was like being in a high-walled prison, the way cliffs and bluffs surrounded the dense foliage of the jungle. Landing would be virtually impossible.

Bob's powerful motor roared over the silence of the jungle. Studying his map, he noticed he was close to Amapranco volcano. In the time that had elapsed, the Scott party could not have gone further than that.

Yet how was a search pilot to know? The closely linked trees jealously guarded the jungle's secret. A man lost there had no more chance of being found than a needle in a haystack. Not unless . . . unless . . .

It was as though Bob's thought had been voiced! He had been thinking that if the Scott party were alive and well, they should have managed some sort of signal.

And now, right before him, a thin trail of smoke was rising!

Less than a minute later, Bob saw them.

Two men, clothing in tatters, were waving their arms wildly, first pointing to the skies, then gesticulating to a figure at their feet.

It was Doctor Scott, and badly hurt Bob saw.

Bob studied the area where he had found Scott and his party. Here, the trees were not quite as dense, not so closely

packed together. And there was a small clearing at their foot.

Only for an instant did Bob reckon the danger. Then, his cool, methodical mind sprang to his aid. Carefully judging the distance, he sent the plane into a side-slip, one of the most difficult maneuvers in a pilot's book.

Bob's face was grim as the plane's wings grazed the trees. Anxiously, he coaxed the plane down.

He found himself wet with perspiration when the ship came to the ground safely. One of the men rushed over: "I'm Ransom," he said. "That was one of the finest pieces of flying I've ever seen." His voice was excited. "We've been running from natives," he said. "That's why we couldn't signal. It was agonizing, hearing your plane the last two days and being afraid to do anything about it. Today, we decided to take a chance when the Doctor's wound got worse."

Doctor Scott smiled weakly at Bob. He tried to speak when suddenly a low, ominous rumble spread through the jungle. The earth seemed to shake. The Doctor turned frightened eyes in the direction of the sound. "Amapranco," he whispered. "It's erupting!"

The rumbling grew louder and a bright flash spread over the jungle. Ransom spoke first. "It looks like we're trapped, Lieutenant," he said. "But there is a chance that you and the Doctor might get out. We want you to take it."

Bob knew what was in the man's mind. The same thing was in his own. If, by some miracle, he could get out, the Doctor was the only person he could carry. The plane might lift over the trees, but never over the cliffs behind the erupting volcano.

The rumbling was like thunderclaps now and the flashes

came regularly. Wild animals crashed through the foliage, frightened and seeking safety. Doctor Scott said weakly: "I would rather stay here, Lieutenant, with my men."

It was a heroic gesture and in that instant Bob knew the reasons for the tales of courage that had grown around Doctor Scott. He looked at the pain-wracked face of the scientist and said: "Sorry, sir. I think we'll risk it." Brusquely, he said to the two men, "Carry him into the plane. And get in yourselves."

Ransom stared at him. "But you won't be able to get elevation with such a load. You'll never clear those cliffs!"

Bob's lips were grim. "Two, got an idea," he said. "Get in!"

Yes, it was an idea, dangerous and one chance in a million. But he decided to take it. The plane, he was sure, would clear the tree tops if he side-slipped carefully.

It did! He heard Ransom's sigh of relief as the over-loaded ship zoomed levelly ahead, toward the volcano. Smoke and fire and gases rolled from it as the fighting plane nosed forward.

Heat blasted the sides of the ship. Bob revved up the motor.

"Now!" The word snapped from Bob's lips as he pulled back on the stick. For an instant, the ship seemed suspended in mid-air, over the yawning jaws of death.

Then, suddenly, it rose high as the gasses of the volcano caught it, tossed it in the air like a plaything. Back went the stick in Bob's whitened hands. Her nose went up as he pushed the motor to her utmost. The fuselage just grazed the dangerous, jagged cliffs as the ship cleared them! Bob had won his battle with nature, turned an enemy into an ally. He was grinning as Ransom's head poked toward him. "You did it," Ransom whispered. "You did it."

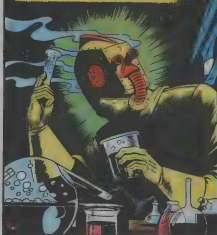
Bob smiled. "Had to," he said. "The Navy wanted me back on time."

BATMAN

ROBIN

BATMAN AND ROBIN, SWORN ENEMIES OF CRIME, MATCH WITS WITH A SINISTER AND CLEVER MASTER OF THE WEAPONS OF SCIENCE WHO IS THIS INCREDIBLE, BERE FLOURE GLOWING WITH UNUSUAL, RESURGENT LIGHTS LET US CALL HIM BY THAT DREAD NAME WHICH IS TO BECOME SO TERRIBLY FAMILIAR TO ALL --- Professor Radium!

CAN THE DYNAMIC DUO COPE WITH THE STRANGE WEAPONS OF THE WORLD OF SCIENCE? CAN THEY DEFEAT A MAN WHO MUST KILL SO THAT HE MAY LIVE? HERE IS THE ANSWER IN THE MOST AMAZING OF ALL ADVENTURES CALLED --- "The Strange Case of Professor Radium!"



A STRANGE REQUEST IS MADE AT THE CITY DOG POUND--

THE PERMIT SEEMS ALL RIGHT. WE CAN DRIVE THE DOGS TO YOUR LABORATORY TONIGHT!

GAS CHAMBER CITY DOG POUND

EXCELLENT! I WANT THEM AS THEY ARE NOW--DEAD!



THAT NIGHT--IN A HOSPITAL LABORATORY, THE SCIENTIST, PROFESSOR ROSS, LABORS TO SOLVE MAN'S GREATEST RIDDLE--

WILL MY RADIUM SERUM REPAIR DEAD TISSUE AND MAKE MAN LIVE FOREVER? I SHALL EITHER FIND THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY SINCE TIME BEGAN--OR FAILURE!

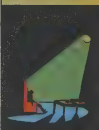


BUT THE SERUM-INJECTED DOGS SHOW NO SIGN OF MOVEMENT--

I'VE FAILED! ALL THESE MONTHS OF WORK-- BUT WAIT! PERHAPS IT'S TOO SOON-- PERHAPS IT NEEDS MORE TIME!



MINUTES DRAG INTO HOURS, AND AS THE BEARY-EYED SCIENTIST SITS AND WATCHES, SLEEP FINALLY CONQUERS HIS EXHAUSTED BODY--



A HAND SHAKES HIM--

HEY--WAKE UP! YOU MUST HAVE SLEPT IN THAT CHAIR ALL NIGHT! AND SAY, WHAT ARE YOU STARTING AROUND HERE-- A DOG KENNEL? HA-HA!



ALIVE! THE DOGS ARE ALIVE! RADIUM SERUM CAN REPAIR PROTOPLASM! I MUST SUBMIT A REPORT TO THE DIRECTORS AT ONCE! NEXT I MUST REVIVE A DEAD MAN-- THEN I SHALL BE FAMOUS!



LATER THAT DAY, IN THE INSTITUTE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE--

THEY LOOK LIKE THE DOGS WE DELIVERED TO THE PROFESSOR, BUT I CAN'T BE SURE!

THESE X-RAYS SHOW NO TRACE OF RADIUM IN THE DOGS! ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL A HOAX ON ME, PROFESSOR?



OF COURSE NOT! I'LL BRING ANOTHER DOG TO LIFE AND PROVE MY CLAIM IS TRUE!

A LIVE DOG COULD BE SUBSTITUTED FOR A DEAD ONE, YOU KNOW! YOUR LIE--SOMEONE CLAIMS BEARS AROUND! PERHAPS YOU HAVE APPROPRIATED THE RADIUM FOR YOUR OWN PRIVATE USE!



FOR YOUR EXCELLENT WORK IN THE PAST, WE WILL NOT CHARGE YOU WITH THE THEFT OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS OF RADIUM, BUT SHALL INSTEAD ASK FOR YOUR RESIGNATION! GOOD DAY, PROFESSOR ROSS!



HAH! I'LL SHOW HIM
WHAT A TRUE SCIENTIST
IS!... A MAN WHO IS
WILLING TO EXPERIMENT
ON HIMSELF TO PROVE
TO THE WORLD HE'S
RIGHT!



THE NEXT MORNING!

GOOD GOODBUST
ROSS!... DEAD?
WAIT!... WHAT'S
THIS NOTE!...

"I HAVE DELIBERATELY
TAKEN MY LIFE SO I
MAY PROVE MY SERUM
WILL GIVE IT BACK TO ME
AGAIN! THE SERUM IS ON
MY LABORATORY TABLE
WITH INSTRUCTIONS--
Professor Ross!"



WITH FEVERISH HASTES, JOHNSTON
INJECTS THE SERUM INTO THE BRAVE
PROFESSOR--AND WAITS UNTIL--

HE... HE'S
MOVING!
IT'S INCREDIBLE!
BUT HE'S
ALIVE!

OWWWW!



LATER, JOHNSTON EXAMINES A DROP
OF THE PROFESSOR'S BLOOD UNDER
A MICROSCOPE--

AMAZING!
THE BLOOD
IS COMPLETELY
FREE OF
RADIUM!

I'M GOING NOW
TO PREPARE MY
PAPER EXPLAINING
THE EXPERIMENT--
I WANT TO SURPRISE
IT AS A SURPRISE
ON THE DIRECTOR!



AFTER WORKING MANY
TEDIOUS HOURS, THE
PROFESSOR RELAXES
A FEW MOMENTS IN
HIS GARDEN--

WWW!



SURPRISINGLY, THE FLOWER
WITHERS IN HIS HAND!



A FRIENDLY SPARROW LIGHTS
ON THE PROFESSOR'S HAND
TO EAT SOME CRUMBS--AND
TODDLES OVER--DEAD!

TAKE YOUR
CRUMBS!... WHY
HE'S...
AND S...



LATER THAT DAY--

ROSS--I
EXAMINED
THAT SLICE
AGAIN--AND
THERE ARE
DEFINITE
TRACES
OF RADIUM!

WHAT?
QUICK! TAKE
AN X-RAY
OF MY BONE
STRUCTURE
IN MY
LABORATORY!



ONCE IN A DARK LABORATORY JOHNSTON
SUDDENLY GASPS-- THE PROFESSOR'S
BODY GLOWS BRIGHTLY WITH A GREEN
RADIANT LIGHT

LOOK
AT YOUR
BODY?

AGHHT

WHEN THE LIGHT IS FINALLY
SWITCHED ON--

YOU
SAW IT --
WHAT HAS
HAPPENED
TO ME?

JOHNSTON,
DO YOU
SURPRISE --
WHY...

OH!

HE'S DEAD --
I TOUCHED HIM --
NOW I KNOW
WHAT KILLED THE
ROSE, THE SPARROW,
AND NOW YOU!
I HAVE MADE
MYSELF A MONSTER
A HUMAN RADIUM
RAY!

RE CALLS THE POLICE, THE CORNER
EXAMINES THE BODY --

NO
WOUNDST
LOOKS LIKE
HEART
FAILURE?

YES -- HE
DROPPED
DEAD WHILE
WE WERE
TALKING!

QUEER RE-LEWT
LEAVING, I
WENT TO
SHAKE HANDS.
HE AVOIDED IT.

I MIGHT HAVE
KILLED THAT
CORONER HAD
I MUST FIND AN
ANTIDOTE BEFORE
I CAUSE SOMEONE'S
DEATH?

HE WORKS FEVERISHLY
NIGHT AND DAY,
WHEN --

I'VE GOT IT!
THE ANTIDOTE --
MY BLOOD SHOWS
LESS RADIUM
ACTIVITIES AFTER
EACH INJECTION!
VOLTILL WILL
MAKE ME WELL
AGAIN --

BUT ALL DOESN'T GO WELL--HE FINDS
THAT VOLITELL WENT OFF AFTER
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS--

IT'S HORRIBLE--
I'VE CHANGED BACK
TO RADIUM AGAIN!--
I'VE NO MORE
VOLITELL SERUM TO
MAKE ME NORMAL--
I MUST GET
VOLITELL--
BUT FIRST, I'VE
GOT TO MAKE
SURE NO ONE
ELSE WILL
DO--

HE FASHIONS A
SLIT WOVEN
SCROV, A
RUBBER-FOOT-LEAD
COMPOSITION--
A CARD THROUGH
WHICH THE
DEADLY RADIUM
GASE WILL
NOT PASS--

IT LOOKS
BIZARRE,
BUT WILL
PROTECT ANYBODY
WHO MIGHT
CONTACT MY
RADIUM-CHARGED
BODY--NOW I
CAN GO AFTER
THE VOLITELL!

VOLITELL IS AN EXPENSIVE
DRUG, AND HE HAS USED HIS
FUNDS ON HIS EXPERIMENTS--
THAT NIGHT, HE FURTHER
ENTERED A HOSPITAL'S SUPPLY
ROOM--

ONLY TWO
OUNCES? I'LL
NEED A MUCH
GREATER
QUANTITY!

AS THE DESPERATE SCIENTIST
STEALS MORE AND MORE VOLITELL,
NEWSPAPERS TELL AN AMAZING
STORY--

DARING HOSPITAL
ROBBERIES-VOLITELL
DRUG STOLE

I MUST
HAVE
MORE
VOLITELL!

AND IN HIS HOME, BRUCE
WAYNE SPEAKS TO HIS
YOUNG WARD, DICK
GRAYSON--

WONDER
WHO IS
BEHIND
THIS
VOLITELL
BUSINESS?

ONLY A
SCIENTIST COULD
HAVE ANY
KNOWLEDGE OF
VOLITELL. I
HAVE A HUNCH
THAT MAYBE
OUR MYSTERY
MAN WILL
SHOW UP AT
GOTHAM
HOSPITAL
TOMORROW.

NIGHT--TWO GARGantuan FIGURES SWING THROUGH EMPTY SPACE--

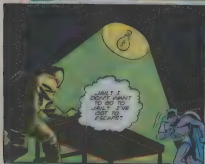
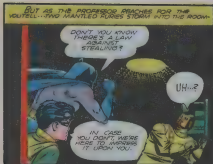
THIS IS ONE
WAY TO GET
TO THE HOSPITAL
UNSEEN!

ONE WAY
IS AS GOOD
AS ANOTHER!

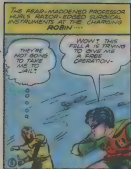
THE PROCESSOR HAS REMAINED
HIDDEN INSIDE THE HOSPITAL
ALL DAY LONG--

I CAN SLIP PAST
THOSE GUARDS
EASILY ENOUGH AND
GET INTO THE
SUPPLY ROOM!

BUT AS THE PROFESSOR PREACHES FOR THE
VOUTELL...TWO MANTLED FURES STORM INTO THE ROOM-



THE FEAR-MADDENED PROFESSOR
HURLS RAZOR-EDGED SURGICAL
INSTRUMENTS AT THE CHARGING
ROBIN...



AS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN
CHARGE AHEAD, THE PROFESSOR
PUSHES AN INSTRUMENT CLOSET
OVER THEM...



AS GUARDS RUN IN THE SCIENTIST CLIMBS OVER THE WINDOW AND DESCENDS THE WATER PIPE

"S'RON, ROBIN... OUR LITTLE BIRD IS TRYING TO FREE THE COOP!"

FROM THE EXPOSED BLOWING HAND EVANATED DEADLY RADIUM RAYS THEY EAT AWAY THE PIPE AND

"I'M... I'M SLIPPING!"

"THIS IS THE FIRST TIME SINCE A HUMAN RADIUM BOMB HELPED ME!"

MEANWHILE THE PROFESSOR SLIPS IN THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW ON THE FLOOR BEHIND...

"I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS BUT I HAVE TO..."



EVEN AS HE DROPS, THE BOY WONDER CLUTCHES THE BATMAN'S ANGLE AND HANDS PERILOUSLY...

"HOLD ON, ROBIN!"

"YOU'RE TRIPPING!"

...AND IN THE HOSPITAL BASEMENT...HE MAKES HIS GET-A-WAY...

"I HAVE THE POLITELL... WHEN I CURE MYSELF, I'LL TELL THE WORLD OF MY DISCOVERY!"



THE NEXT MORNING!

THE INJECTION OF VOLTILL SERUM I TOOK HAS MADE ME NORMAL AGAIN! NOW TO SEE MARY AND TELL HER ABOUT MY GREAT DISCOVERY.

HENRY DARLING-- YOU LOOK EXCITED?

THE MOST WONDERFUL THING HAS HAPPENED, MARY!

BUT HE DOES NOT NOTICE THE GLOW ABOUT HIS BODY GROWING STRONGER--AS HE LEANS FORWARD!

MARY, YOU'RE GOING TO BE SURPRISED-- MARYT--

CRASH!

THE GLOW IS BACK! THE INJECTION I TOOK WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH-- I KILLED HER!

I'VE KILLED HER-- I--

KILLED HER-- I HELP! POLICE!

POLICE COMMISSIONER'S BORDON OFFICE-- WHERE NOW THE POLICE AND BATMAN WORK HAND IN HAND--

THESE PRINTS MATCH THOSE OF A PROFESSOR ROSS-- HE'S A CIVIL SERVICE EMPLOYEE SO THE STATE HAS HIS FINGERPRINTS ON FILE?

ROSS, EH? HE WAS INVOLVED IN THE DEATH OF HIS ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR.

WHAT? YOUR MISTRESS, MRS. LAMONT, KILLED? WHO? PROFESSOR ROSS?

OH--OH-- GET READY, ROBBIN!

YOU SAY, HIS BODY HAD A SORT OF GLOW ABOUT IT?

A GLOW, EH? I SUGGEST YOU MAKE A FAST AUTOPSY, CORONER.

YES, SIR-- IT WAS AS IF HE WAS ALL LIT UP INSIDE!

RING!

SOMETIME LATER--

YOU WERE
RIGHT, BATMAN!
THAT GIRL DIED
OF INTERNAL
RADIUM
BURNS!

RADIUM
BURNST

YES--AND I
SUSPECT PROFESSOR
JOHNSTON DIED
THE SAME WAY--
THIS ALL TIES UP
WITH PROFESSOR
ROSS'S RADIUM
EXPERIMENTS!
SOMETHING
WENT WRONG--
HE NEEDS
VOLITELL FOR
AN ANTIDOTE--

LATER THAT DAY AS PROFESSOR
ROSS RETURNS TO HIS HOME--

POLICE!
I SHOULD HAVE
RETURNED HOME
SOONER--
GOOD THING
THE VOLITELL
IS HIDDEN--

THE DAYS THAT
FOLLOW SEE THE
GREATEST MURDER IN
THE HISTORY OF CRIME--

PROF. HENRY
RADIUM ROSS
AT LARGE!

MEANWHILE, A DESPERATE
CHINESE LINGERER DIES
PROFESSOR ROSS--HE IS NOW
KNOWN AS PROFESSOR RADIUM.

I NEED
MORE
VOLITELL!

I'M MAD!
HA-HA!
I'M CRAZY!
THE CURSED
RADIUM!

MY HAIR IS
FALLING OUT!
THE RADIUM IS
BEGINNING TO
BREAK ITS WAY
ON MY BODY!

I WENT TO
MURDER--
WAIT--WHAT'S
THE MATTER
ARTHUR?

THE
RADIUM--IT'S
EATING INTO
MY BODY--
INTO MY
BRAIN--
I'M GOING MAD--

NOT A SIGN
OF PROFESSOR
RADIUM AND
THAT BLASTED
VOLITELL--
WHERE DID
HE HIDE
IT?

VOLITELL, HMM?
THAT'S WHAT
HE NEEDS--
IF YOU DRAW
YOUR MEN AWAY
FROM HIS HOUSE,
I THINK HE'LL
COME BACK AND
THAT VOLITELL
ROBIN AND I
WILL BE WAITING
FOR HIM--

POLICE
WITHDRAWN
FROM ROSS
HOME!

POLICE GIVE UP
SEARCH FOR
PROF. RADIUM

AND THAT VERY NIGHT--TWO FIGURES
WAIT IN THE SHADOWS--

DO YOU
THINK HE'LL
FALL FOR
THIS STUNT?

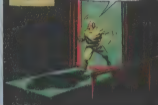
WE'LL SEE?
BAM--I
THINK I
HEAR
SOMETHING!

SO STRONG IS THE RADIUM-CHARGED BODY OF THE PROFESSOR THAT HE LITERALLY SEARS HIS WAY THROUGH THE DOORS!



GOOD!
IT'S
EMPTY!

HE RACES
SWIFTLY
TO HIS
LABORATORY
AND GOES
HIS
PROTECTIVE
SUIT!



IF I DON'T PUT
ON THIS SUIT, I MIGHT
HAVE SET THE HOUSE
ON FIRE! LUCKILY
I'VE AN EXTRA GLOVE
TO REPLACE THE
ONE LOST! NOW--
THE VOL TELL!

HE WITHDRAWS A
LARGE BOOK,
AND ...

THE VOLUBLE!
THE POLICE
NEVER THOUGHT
OF LOOKING
IN A BOOK
FOR IT!



THAT'S ALL I
WANTED TO KNOW--
LET'S TAKE
HIM ROBIN!



CHEER!

SWIFTLY
PEARLING GRIP
A GLOVE,
THE PROFESSOR
EXPOSES A
GLORIOUS HAND!

YOU ROOST?
DE... DE-
NOW?



DEATH-DEALING
RADIUM RAYS
POUND THE
BATMAN AND ROBIN!

BUT THE DUO REMAINS UNSCATHED...

YES--WE'RE STILL
ALIVE! I MADE A
TRANSPARENT RUBBER-
COMPOSITION THAT I
SPRAYED OVER OUR BODIES
IMMUNIZING US FROM THE
RADIUM.



THE MADMAN
RECOVERS AND
THROWS A DAZZLING
BEAM AT THE
CEILING CHANDLIER!

YOU
HAVEN'T
BEATEN
ME YET!
HAT... HAT...



THE CHANDLIER PLUNGES
DOWN, BRINGING THE BATMAN
TO THE FLOOR!



SO STARTLED IS
ROBIN BY THE
SUDDEN TURN OF
EVENTS THAT HE IS
CAUGHT NARPING!



THEY RECOVER QUICKLY AND
CHASE AFTER THE ESCAPING MADMAN!



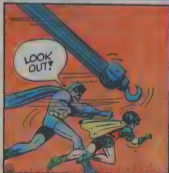
PROFESSOR
RADIUM
SCRAMBLES
UP A
SIDE
LADDER...



MINUTES
LATER, THE
BATMAN
AND ROBIN
LEAP AROUND
THE SHIP...



LOOK
OUT!

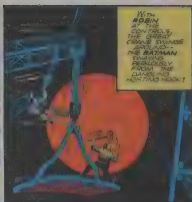


HAT HAT
MISSED
YOU, BUT
I WON'T
AGAIN!

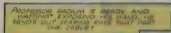




TAKING THE
LIFT UP TO THE
TOP OF A WRECK
CAME THE
BATMAN
CAREFULLY PICKS
HIS WAY OVER
THE FRAMEWORK
OF A LIFTING
ARM FROM WHICH
A GIANT HOOK
DANDED--



WITH
ROBIN
AT THE
CONTROLS,
THE GREAT
CRANE SWINGS
AROUND--
THE BATMAN
SWINGS
RECKLESSLY
FROM THE
DANGERING
HITCHING HOOK!



PROFESSOR RADIUM IS READY AND
WAITING! EXPOSING HIS HAND, HE
SENDS OUT SEARING RAYS THAT PART
THE CABLE!



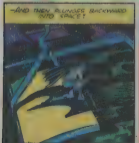
"HE"
TRY
TO GET
OUT
OF
THIS
BATMANT



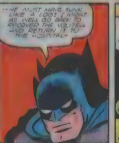
BUT THE TERRIFIC MOMENTUM
OF THE SWINGING HOOK IS
ENOUGH TO SEND THE BATMAN
SHOOTING BACKWARD IN THE AIR!



PROFESSOR RADIUM'S
ARMS FLAIL MADLY AS HE
TRIES TO KEEP HIS
BALANCE!



--AND THEN PLUNGES BACKWARD
INTO SPACE!



--HE MUST HAVE SLUNK
LIKE A LOST FANTOM
AS HE'LL GO BACK TO
RECOVER THE VIBRATOR
AND RETURN IT TO
THE "HOSPITAL"



SOMETIME LATER--

I WAS THINKING--
HERE WAS A MAN
WHO TRIED TO
DISCOVER SOMETHING
THAT WOULD GIVE
LIFE TO PEOPLE--
BUT IN SO DOING
HE CREATED
DEMONSTRATING
MONSTERS MAY
DESTROYED
HIS OWN LIFE!

THE
GREAT

BUT WAS THE MYSTER
THE FOND OF THIS UNUSUAL
MAN? OR DOES HE STILL LIVE
ON AS THE NEW MAD PROFESSOR?



OUT IN FRONT!

The STAR-SPANGLED KID
And STRIPESY ARE MAKING
COMIC MAGAZINE HISTORY!

WRITTEN BY JERRY SIEGEL
—CREATOR OF SUPERMAN!
DRAWN By HAL SHERMAN
—FAMOUS ACTION-ARTIST!

A TOP COMBINATION
ON A TOP FEATURE!

64 BREATHTAKING, ACTION-PACKED PAGES
NOW ON SALE!

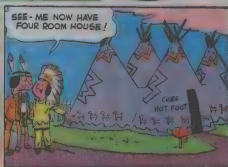
WOW!! YOU'GHTA SEE THE WAY
THAT **SHINING KNIGHT** GOES
TO WORK ON MODERN CROOKS!
--HE'S GOT **BULLET-PROOF ARMOR**,
A WINGED HORSE, AN' A SWORD
THAT CUTS THROUGH
SOLID STEEL!

HE SURE IS
TERRIFIC--AN' SO
IS **STARMAN**!
--AN' YOU GET BOTH
OF 'EM EVERY
MONTH IN
**ADVENTURE
COMICS!!**



P.S. BRAND-NEW SIZZLERS IN MORE FUN COMICS, TOO!



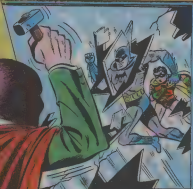


BATMAN

ROBIN

EVER WALK UNDER A
LADDER AND WONDER WHAT
WOULD HAPPEN? EVER
JUMP IN FRIGHT AS A
BLACK CAT CROSSED YOUR
PATH? EVER BREAK YEARS OF
AND REAR SEVEN YEARS OF
AND BAD LUCK WOULD ROLL
WELL--YOU ARE GOING TO
BE INTRODUCED TO A GROUP
OF PEOPLE WHO DERIDE THESE
OLD SUPERSTITIONS--AND
THE STRANGEST EVENTS THAT
BEFALL THEM.

BEHOLD NOW, A READ OF
SUPERSTITION TRANSFORMED A
COMEDY OF ACTORS INTO TERROR
COMMUNY WRETCHES WHO CRIMED
RIDDEN WRETCHES AND SHADOWS--AND
AT THEIR OWN SHADOWS--AND
HOW THE BATMAN AND ROBIN
WERE FORCED TO CALL UPON
THE LAST GLANCE OF THEIR
STRENGTH AND REASONING
POWERS TO UNRAVEL THE
MYSTERY OF
The Superstition Murders!



A SLICKENING NEEDLE ENTERS THE
BODY OF A TINY DOLL-----A HAND
CLUTCHES AT A RATTING HEART--
AND A LIFELESS BODY FALLS FORWARD!



HA-HA--AS THIS
NEEDLE ENTERS THE
HEART OF THE DOLL
WHICH REPRESENTS
YOU--YOU
DIE!



THE VILLAIN
EXITS LAUGHING--
AND THE CURTAIN
FALLS ON THE
LAST ACT OF
A SUMMER
THEATRE TRYOUT!

HAT
HAT
HAT...

THAT WAS
THE BEST
REHEARSAL
I EVER SAW--
WE'VE GOT
A GOOD
SHOW!

I'M GLAD!
THIS IS
THE FIRST
PLAY I'VE
EVER WRITTEN
AND I
WANT IT
TO BE A GOOD
ONE!



THE REHEARSAL OVER-THE ACTORS COME
FROM THE WINGS--

I'VE GOT AN IDEA SINCE
THIS IS A PLAY DEALING
WITH SUPERSTITION--LET'S
HAVE A "SUPERSTITION
PARTY" TONIGHT--
WE'LL BREAK MIRRORS,
WALK UNDER LADDERS
AND SO ON--

WHY--THAT'S
WONDERFUL!
I'LL CALL UP
3000 MAGAZINE
TO SEND A
PHOTOGRAPHER
DOWN--



YES--WE'RE
HAVING A
SUPERSTITION-
BREAKING PARTY
TONIGHT--YOU
MIGHT GET SOME
INTERESTING
PICTURES!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE PARTY,
BRUCE WAYNE IS ONE OF
THE INVITED GUESTS--

HELLO, BRUCE--
LOOKS LIKE
YOU HAVE
ANOTHER
HIT!

NOT A
HIT, BRUCE--
BUT
FAIR PLAY--
IT'LL GET
BY!



ER--ER--BRUCE--
MEET ARLO
BROOKS, HE'S
FINANCING
THIS SHOW
AND ACTING THE
HURDERED IN
THE LEADING
ROLE!

HOW DO YOU
DO? THIS IS
MY LEADING
LADY, MISS
ERANCINE--

I'M
OVERWHELMED
BY A
COMBINATION
OF BEAUTY
AND TALENT!



SAV, DON'T I
COME IN
FOR MY
SHARE OF
INTRODUCTIONS?

BRUCE, THIS IS
JOHNNY BLUM,
THE AUTHOR
OF THIS
MASTERPIECE! HAT, HAT

AM--THE
GENIUS IN
PERSON!



WELL, FOLKS,
NOW THAT
EVERYONE'S
HERE INCLUDING
THE PHOTOGRAPHER--
LET'S START
SMASHING
SUPERSTITIONS!

AS THE
LEADING
ACTOR--
ARLO--
I WILL
BEGIN THE
PROCEEDINGS!



WALKING UNDER A LADDER
IS THE FIRST SUPERSTITION
THAT IS VIOLATED!

BAD BUSINESS--
GOING
UNDER
LADDERS--

HAT! HAT!
YOU HAVE
UNSUSPECTED
TALENT,
ARLO!

THREE CIGARETTES ARE LIT ON ONE MATCH!

HOLD IT, POLICE!
GOT IT?

THIS IS RINT
THREE ON A
MATCH!

MARK MY WORDS,
THIS WON'T BE THE
END. WHEN POLICE
START BREAKING
SUPERSTITIONS--
THINGS ARE GOING
TO HAPPEN! WAIT AND SEE IT!



THE PHOTOGRAPHER
JOINS THE PARTY..

EXCUSE
IF-- BUT
I'M GETTIN'
INTO THE
SPIRIT
OF THINGS!

SURE!!
THAT
MAKES YOU
ONE
OF US!



YELLOW EYES
SHINING-- AND RED
BERRY-- A BLACK CAT
STALKS IN..

LOOK!
WE HAVE
COMING--
KITTY--
KITTY--
CROSS
MY PATH!

SOME--
NOW
I DON'T
LIKE
THIS--
IT'S AS
IF THEY
WERE
INVITING
TROUBLE



ANOTHER SUPERSTITION IS BROKEN--AN
UMBRELLA IS OPENED INDOORS!

THIS
IS ONE
ON ME!
MAYBE IT'S
GOING
RAIN--
AFTER THAT

FRANKLY...
NOT I DON'T
LIKE
IT!

HUNT
THIS
KIND!



LATER, AS THE PARTY
GROWS WILDER, A
TERRIFIED SHRIEK--
FOLLOWED BY THE SOUND OF
A HEAVY BODY CUTS
THROUGH THE MERRY-
MAKERS DIRT

WHAT
WAS
THAT?

THAT
SCREAM--
IT CAME
FROM
OUTSIDE!



OUTSIDE--
A MUTE
BODY BEARS
ITS OWN
TESTIMONY?

IT'S IN
FRED! OHMY!



THE LADDER
KILLED HIM--
AND HE WAS
THE ONE WHO
LAUGHED AS
HE WALKED
UNDER ONE
A LITTLE
WHILE AGO!

SO YE THOUGHT
YE KNEW
EVERYTHIN'!
LENNIE TELL YE
THAT THERE ARE
THINGS WHICH
CAN'T BE
TAMPERED WITH--
AN SUPERSTITION
IS ONE OF
EM!



SOMEONE CALLS THE LOCAL POLICE...

I'D SAY
THE LADDER
FELL ON
HIM!
IT WAS
AN ACCIDENT!

I'D LIKE
TO ASK
THE
POLICE
TO
FIND
THE
BODY!

A FEW MINUT. I LATER...

ACCIDENT--
ALIBI? THEM
POLICE NEVER
OLD MEV
BROOKS? IT'S
MURDER--

HE MAY
BE RIGHT--
I'LL KNOW
AFTER I
EXAMINE
THAT GLASS!
I'LL KICK
IT TO THE
SIDE AS IT
IS AN ACCIDENT!

IN HIS LABORATORY, THE
PHOTOGRAPHER DEVELOPS THE
PARTY'S PICTURES--WHEN--

WELL--
THAT OLD
COOT WAS RIGHT!
THAT WAS
NO ACCIDENT--
IT WAS
MURDER!

LATER...

I GOT YOUR
PHONE CALL--
WHAT DO
YOU WANT?

NOTHING--I
EXCEPT--
EXAMINE THIS
PICTURE?

IT SHOWS YOU
PUTTING POISON
FROM THE TRICK
RING ON YOUR
HAND, INTO BROOKS'
GLASS--WOULD
YOU LIKE TO BUY THE
PICTURE--
FOR A
PRICE?

I
SEE--

BLACKMAIL

MEANWHILE--

TWO THINGS HAVE TO BE
CLEARED UP-- ONE IS BROOKS'
DRINKING GLASS--AND THE
OTHER IS THAT
LADDER!

LATER-- AFTER
RETURNING FROM THE
PHOTOGRAPHER--

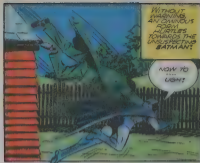
YOU OUTLIVED
YOUR
USEFULNESS!

THE BATMAN SLIPS SILENTLY OVER
THE HARD-PAVED GROUND!

HERE'S
HOPING
NOBODY'S
MOVED
ANYTHING!

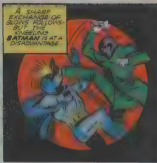
OUTSIDE THE THEATRE-BAR--
HE MINDS--

AH! HERE IT IS!
JUST AS I SUSPECTED--
AN ODDOR LIKE THAT
OF BURNT ALMONDS!
THIS MAN WAS
MURDERED--
POISONED BY
ARSENIC ACID!



WITHOUT WARNING, AN OMINOUS FIGURE HURLES TOWARDS THE UNSUSPECTING BATMAN!

NOW TO
...
LIGHT!



A SHARP EXCHANGE OF BLOWS FOLLOWS— BUT THE KNEELING BATMAN IS AT A DISADVANTAGE



A GLOVED HAND SNATCHES UP THE ALL-IMPORTANT GLASS—AND THEN THE UNKNOWN ASSAILANT FLEES INTO THE DARKNESS!

HE TOOK
THE
GLASS?
GOT TO
CATCH
HIM!



THE CHARGING BATMAN SEES ANOTHER MOVING FIGURE

THERE HE GOES! AND HERE COMES MORE COMPANY!



A TREMENDOUS LEAP AND THE BATMAN'S STEEL-LIKE HANDS REACH FOR HIS NEW QUARRY!



BATMAN WHIPS OFF HIS FORG'S HAT AND UNDER THE MOON'S LIGHT IS REVEALED—

NOW, MR. MURDERER, LET'S SEE WHO SAYS WHO ARE YOU!

NOW DARE YOU! YOU CLOAKED BANDIT?



THE NOISE OF THE SCURGE AWAKENS THE MEMBERS OF THE STOCK COMPANY—

HOW DARE YOU! IT'S THE FAMOUS BATMAN—WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

THE ANSWER IS OBVIOUS! CAN ANYBODY IDENTIFY THIS MAN?

OF COURSE! HE'S BILL METT, WHO HAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE PLAYED THE LEAD IN MY PLAY, BUT FRANKLY, HE DRANK HIMSELF OUT OF THE PART. WE HAD TO LET HIM DO!

BATMAN EXPAINS ABOUT THE PRINCE'S ACID

IN OTHER
WORDS, ANSWER
HAG THE BLAST
ON HELL IS
THE ALMOONOP

THAT'S RIGHT...
AND I'M STARTING
MY SEARCH WITH
METT, HERE:

SURE-PICK ON
ME- BECAUSE
I LOST THE
PART? YOU
THINK I KILLED
BROOKS?

As THE BANNICKY ACTOR SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER,
A POLICE LEAPS FORWARD

I AM ADVISED
YOU -
AND -

2000年12月15日

WHILE BATMAN SEARCHES MOTT,
ONE OF THE TROUPE PHONES
THE POLICE--

THANKS- YOU
SAVED MY LIFE!
I WANT TO SEE
WHAT THIS CHOP
IS CONCEALING-
WHAT'S INSIDE?
DRAMATIC WRIT-
UPS OF PAUL
REDMOND BUT
NO MORE!

DRAMATIC
CLIMBERS?
MORE PRECIOUS
TO AN ACTOR
THAN HIS FOOD-
TOO BAD-
BUT THE PATH
TO GLORY
IS DEPOSED!

100V APPROX THE ACVR DOES NOT MEASURE

BY
ANDER.
ITS THE
BATMAN?

FRED BROOKS WAS MURDERED, AND I'M CHECKING ON THIS MAN FOR A CLUE.

SORRY,
MISTER
BATMAN,
BUT ONLY
TEN MINUTES
AGO WE
LET HIM
OUT OF THE
HOUSE NOW
WHERE HE
WAS CONFINED
FOR
DRUNKENNESS

THE OTHERS ARE
55497-400 - 8/11
NO BLAST

WAS YOU AND
POOKS WERE IN
PARTNERSHIP ON ALL
YOUR SHOWS- IT
SEEMS TO ME THAT
YOU ARE THE ONE
TO PRODUCE MOST
OF US
DEATH AT 1:40

IF I HAD ANY ATTENTIONS COMINGTIN OVER- I WOULD GOIT MORE "LUVVY"

A CRACKING VOICE RIPS THROUGH
THE NIGHT-AND....

MARK MY
WORDS -- THERE'LL
BE MORE MURDERS!
ONLY IMMIGRANT
PEOPLE CAUSE
SUBSTITUTION!

NE
NEVADA
LSP

LATES--

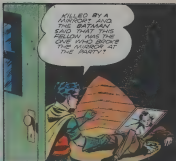
-- YOU'LL
HAVE TO
WORK HARD
TO PREVENT
MORE
MURDERS!

THAT CLASS WAS
MY ONLY CLUE
AND ITS COME-
I WONDER IF
THE PHOTOGRAPHER
WOULD SAY-
I'VE GOT IT!
TODAY, NIGHT,
I WANT YOU TO
THE PHOTOGRAPHER
AT THE PICTURE
I SWAPPED-ONE OF
MY MAY
MAY

NEXT NIGHT--
THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S CABIN

49475
 2-1-75

I PAID FOR
THE PICTURE,
BUT YOU
KEPT THE
NEGATIVE







LOOKS LIKE MY MASKED MAN GOT AWAY! AND SO HELP ME, IF ANYBODY EVER MENTIONS CORN TO ME-- I'LL--I'LL--



LATER, WHEN ROBIN REPORTS BACK TO THE BATMAN--

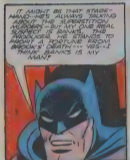
--AND AFTER HE GOT AWAY, I SEARCHED THE GROUNDS FOR A CLUE-- AND FOUND THIS!

"LARRY HOWE-- ARKUS PICTURES-- HOLLYWOOD"-- WELL--IT LOOKS AS IF I HAVE TO MAKE A LONG DISTANCE CALL TO HOLLYWOOD AND LEARN A FEW THINGS!



I WISH I KNEW WHO OUR MURDERER WAS!

SO DO I? IT CERTAINLY ISN'T JOHNNY BLUM, THE AUTHOR, HE SAVED MY LIFE WHEN PAUL METT TRIED TO KILL ME! HE CERTAINLY WOULDN'T SAVE THE LIFE OF THE DETECTIVE IF HE WERE GUILTY!



IT MIGHT BE THAT STAGE-MAN--HE'S ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT THE SUPERSTITION MURDERS-- BUT MY ONE REAL SUSPECT IS RANKS, THE PRODUCER, HE STANDS TO PROFIT A FORTUNE FROM BROOKS' DEATH--- YES--I THINK RANKS IS MY MAN!



NEXT DAY, REPORTERS SWARM ABOUT THE THEATRE "BARN--

MEY, FELLERS-- THOUGHT YE WUZ ADOIN' TO INTERVIEW US!

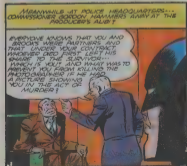
GO AWAY, BOY! YOU BOTHER ME! CARRY ON, SHAKES--PEARS!

WELL AS I WUZ SAYIN', PEOPLE CAN'T DO AROUND BREAKIN' SUPERSTITIONS AND THEN EXPECT TO KEEP LIVIN'. THERE'S GONNA BE MORE O' THEM GETTIN' KILT! YESSURREE!



THE NEWSPAPERS PLAY UP THE SCARE STORIES OF THE THEATRE MURDERS--

POLICE BAFFLED BY SUPERSTITION MURDERS.
DAILY-RAY
OLD STAGEHAND PREDICTS MORE DEATHS WILL



MEANWHILE--AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS--- COMMISSIONER GORDON HAMMERS AWAY AT THE PRODUCER'S ALIBI!

EVERYONE KNOWS THAT YOU AND BROOKS WERE PARTNERS AND THAT UNDER YOUR CONTRACT, WHOEVER DIED FIRST LEFT HIS SHARE TO THE SURVIVOR--- WHICH IS YOU! AND WHAT WAS TO PREVENT YOU FROM KILLING THE PHOTOGRAPHER IF HE HAD A PICTURE SHOWING YOU IN THE ACT OF MURDER?



I KNOW THANKS, LOOK BACK FOR ME, BUT IF I WAS GOING TO COMMIT A MURDER, I WOULDN'T BE SO FOOLISH AND LET ALL THE EVIDENCE POINT AT ME!

HOW DO WE KNOW YOU'RE NOT PULLING A DOUBLE BLUR-- THAT YOU ARE POINTING SUSPICION AT YOURSELF--JUST SO THAT YOU COULD YELL ABOUT YOUR INNOCENCE?

AT THE BARN-THEATRE, SCENERY IS BEING TAKEN TO WAITING TRUCKS---FOR TONIGHT--THE PLAY OPENS IN THE CITY!

WELL, CHILLIN' TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT--I'LL BE IN THE FRONT ROW, CHEERING!

DO YOU THINK THE ER--UNFORTUNATE PUBLICITY WILL AFFECT THE SALE OF TICKETS?

THIS PLAY SHOULD NEVER OPEN--IT'S CURSED!

THAT NIGHT OUTSIDE THE TROJAN THEATRE!

ERS

SUPERSTITION MURDERS

DON'T--DON'T EVEN SAY THAT!

THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, MY FRIEND. THE PUBLIC ALWAYS WILL BE ATTRACTED TO SOMETHING WITH A MORBID OVER-TONE--THEY'RE PROBABLY HOPING FOR ANOTHER MURDER!

HELLO, BANKS--- THOUGHT THE POLICE WERE HOLDING YOU.

THEY COULDN'T HOLD ME--I GOT OUT ON A WRIT OR HABEAS CORPUS-- HOLY SMOKE! LOOK AT THAT CROWD!

AS THE CURTAIN RISES, AN ODD SCENE TAKES PLACE IN ONE OF THE DRESSING ROOMS

MEEOWRR--

QUIET--SOON YOU WILL BE PLAYING A STARRING ROLE!

IN THE WINGS--AS THE INSINUATE AWAKES HER CUE---

I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE IN YOUR SHOES--HAVING TO CARRY A BLACK CAT ON THE STAGE!

DON'T BE SILLY! THEY ARE MY FAVORITES!

AT THAT MOMENT, A DART STREAKS FROM A BLOW-TUBE--

---AND IMMOS ITS NEEDLE-POINT INTO THE BLACK CATS HIDE--

I LOVE CATS-- AAGH!!!!!!

GOOD HEAVENS!

THE BODY TUMBLES TO THE STAGE IN FULL VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE---

SHE'S DEAD

ONCE AGAIN A VIOLATED SUPERSTITION INCREASES VIRULENCE UPON THE PERSON WHO DARED TO BREAK IT!

A FRENZIED PHONE CALL BRINGS THE POLICE AND CORONER BUSTLING TO THE SCENE!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU GOT THE DATE FOR HITTING THE BOTTLE!



THAT'S IT! YOU KILLED THE FIRST GUY TO GET TO HIS PART IN THE PLAY!



HIS FACE CONFUSED--THE COMMISSIONER TURNS ON THE PRODUCER--



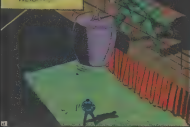
I FOUND A CLUE, BACKSTAGE, AND I'M COMING BACK LATER, AFTER EVERYONE'S GONE-- AND I KNOW I'LL FIND ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO CONVICT THE MURDERER!



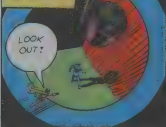
LATER THAT NIGHT, BRUCE FINDS HIS WAY BACKSTAGE OF THE DERELICT THEATRE!



SUIT HIGH ABOVE BRUCE'S HEADS ---- A KNIFE SLITS THE ROPE ATTACHED TO A METAL WEIGHT!



AS THE WEIGHT HEAVES TOWARD BRUCE WAYNE-- ROBIN REACHES FORWARD!







HAT NOW FOR THE FINAL TOUCH!!!

BUT THE FLEEING FEND SUDDENLY WHIRLS ABOUT AND MEETS THE ONRUSHING BATMAN!



SEIZING A RED-HOT POKER, HE LUNGES AT THE SWARMING BATMAN!



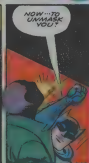
THIS POKER WILL GO THROUGH YOU LIKE IT WOULD BUTTER!



THE BATMAN'S FOOT SENDS A SHOVEL HANDLE AGAINST THE MASKED MAN'S SHIRT!

THIS SHOULD KEEP HIM IN THE LITTLE LOCKER!

QW!



NOW...TO UNMASK YOU!



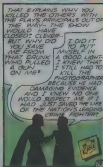
YOU--THE AUTHOR! I THOUGHT SO! I TOLD BRUCE WELLS HOW TO TRAP YOU--YOU MAY AS WELL ADMIT YOUR MOTIVE--THAT YOU WERE AFTER THE MOVIE RIGHTS TO YOUR PLAY!

YES--I WAS DEPENDING ON THE CLAUSE IN MY CONTRACT WHICH RULES IF THE PLAY DIDN'T LAST TWO WEEKS, ALL RIGHTS REVERTED TO ME, THE AUTHOR



I SPOTTED YOU WHEN I LEARNED THAT HOLLYWOOD OFFERED YOU AN ENORMOUS SUM FOR YOUR PLAY.

PLAST YOU? I ALMOST WON, BUT FOR YOU? I SOLD BANKS MY PLAY FOR A SOLO--LATER, A PRODUCER OFFERED ME A FORTUNE FOR THE MOVIE RIGHTS I HAD TO GET THOSE RIGHTS BACK--AND I THOUGHT I WOULD BY MAKING IT SEEM AS IF DATE WERE EXECUTING ALL THOSE WHO HAD BROKEN SUPERSTITIONS--I HAD TO MAKE THE PLAY CLOSE TO GUT BACK MY RIGHTS!



THAT EXPLAINS WHY YOU KILLED THE OTHERS WITH THE PLAYS PRINCIPALS OUT OF THE WAY--THE SHOW WOULD HAVE CLOSED CLEVER--BUT WHY DID YOU SAVE ME FROM THAT DRUNK WHO PLAYED A GUN ON ME?

I DID IT TO PUT MYSELF IN A GOOD LIGHT--I KNEW THAT I STILL HAD TO KILL THE PHOTOGRAPHER BECAUSE HE HAD DAMAGED BRUCE--AND I KNEW NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT ME IF I HAD JUST SAVED THE LIFE OF THE NATION'S LEADING CRIME MIGHTY!



POLICE, SUMMONED BY ROBIN, COME IN AS THE AUTHOR ENDS HIS CONFESSON!

--AND I KNEW THAT ALL SUSPICION WOULD FALL UPON THE PRODUCER, BECAUSE HE STOOD TO GAIN THE MOST FROM THE DEATH OF HIS PARTNER.

COMMISSIONER, THE CURTAIN IS FALLING ON THE LAST ACT OF THE SUPERSTITION MURDERS!

The 'BIG SIX' now becomes the 'BIG SEVEN'

again calling your attention to —



WITH THE ADDITION OF
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
TO THE DC COMIC
GROUP, THERE ARE NOW
SEVEN

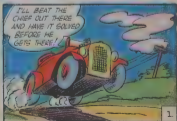
**MONTHLY
MAGAZINES**
BEARING THIS TRADE-
MARK WHICH MEANS

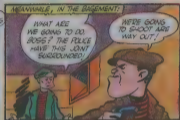


"Topes"
IN COMIC
READING!

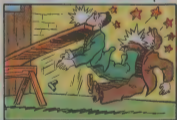


POKEY BEEZER









ACTION STUFF BY ERIC CARTER

JOHNNY SHEAN put down his megaphone and signaled the cameraman to stop grinding. Grumbling, the cameraman, Ben Boyd, slung the light tripod and camera over his shoulder and walked over to where Johnny was bawling out his youthful cast in this amateur movie the gang was making.

"You fellows are supposed to be gangsters, fleeing from the police," he raged. "So when you come around that bend in the road come around fast!"

"But, Johnny," protested Willie Evans. "We came as fast as that old jalopy of mine would go. And Tim's car isn't any faster." He ventured a suggestion. "Why don't we make this picture another 'Grapes of Wrath'? The car would fit in nice then."

Johnny's voice was exasperated. By now the boys who were playing the FBI had come up. They listened as Johnny again explained. "First, the gangsters firing blanks come around the bend. A bank has just been robbed and the FBI is after the mobsters. Here, wait a minute—"

Johnny ran down the road, stopped and waved his hands. Then he rushed back. "Right where I was," he said, "is where the gangster car should pass the camera going at least fifty. I'll mark it somehow. Nobody uses this old road anymore so it's safe to speed. And I know Willie can handle his car, if nobody else can. Now are you with me or against me?"

"Gosh, Johnny," they chorused. "We're with you. After all, we want the Winawasha Moviemakers Club to win the amateur movie productions tourney."

"Okay," Johnny said professionally. "On your way then. And come out shooting," he added as an afterthought.

Johnny and Ben, his cameraman, watched as the car turned

around and headed for the bend. "It'll take five minutes for them to get started," Johnny said. "So we'll have to hurry and mark the spot where the cars will flash by the camera. Here, we'll use your car, Ben. It's small and won't appear in the picture."

Ben's protests fell upon deaf ears. The car, a bantam model, was his pride and joy. But when Johnny explained nothing could happen to it, he agreed to use it as a marker on the side of the site Johnny had selected. "Willie will set it there," Johnny said, "and race his car. That way we'll get a good action shot."

Johnny climbed into the small car and drove it where it would serve as a marker. It sat upon a slight incline, but Johnny figured that wouldn't show in the picture.

Ben had his camera set up. Seeing Johnny leave the car, he cried plaintively: "Listen Johnny, I want—"

"Never mind," Johnny said, excitedly. "Here they come now." The sound of pistol fire reached their anxious ears. "Start cranking Ben," Johnny cried. "And don't miss a thing!"

Directorial eye alert, Johnny watched the progress of the dilapidated car as it rounded the bend and raced ahead. "Good work, Willie," he murmured. "You're sure getting plenty of speed out of it."

Apprehensively, he watched as the FBI car came around the bend. Then he goggled. What had happened? These weren't FBI men—they were uniformed officers! How had the boys gotten those suits?

Johnny's heart leaped as he suddenly realized he wasn't looking at his actors. Those were real cops!

And the others? He couldn't be sure as the car zoomed past him. What had happened? What was Willie trying to do?

"Johnny, my car. Look!"

There was anguish in Ben's voice, but his eye was still glued to the camera as he cranked.

His car was sliding down the incline, straight into the path of Willie's ancient vehicle. Too late, the driver of the latter swerved. There was a loud explosion as trees blew out. The car crashed into the cliffs lining the mountain road.

Ben's eyes were wet as he shouldered his camera and ran with Johnny to the collision. Police were pulling strange men from the wreckage of Willie's car.

Dazed, Johnny heard Ben say: "They didn't hurt my car. But no thanks to you, Johnny. I tried to tell you not to park it on an incline. The brakes wouldn't hold."

Johnny heard these words in a daze. Police Chief Weber was talking to him and saying: "You sure saved the day, Johnny. These muggs held up a bank in town, and figured on getting out over this old highway. When their car broke down, they seized our you boys were using. We saw them from the other hill." His eyes strayed to Willie's wrecked car. "We could have caught that on a bicycle," he added. "But you can be sure the bank will replace it." His men hustled the thieves into the police car.

Weber's eyes fell on the camera. "So you lads are making another movie, Johnny," he said. "That's fine. Keeps you out of mischief."

Weber, hustled his burly figure into the car as an excited Willie and his "thugs" came up. "By the way, Johnny," Weber said kindly. "I don't want to spoil your fun, but be careful out here. Anything can happen. This isn't the movies, you know."

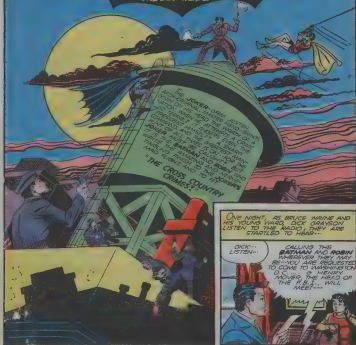
Johnny smiled as the police car rolled away. "No," he said, softly. "It isn't the movies. Just wait until you see this picture!"

THE END

BAT MAN

WITH
ROBIN

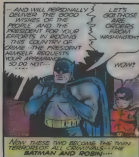
-THE BOY WONDER-



ONE NIGHT, AS BRUCE WAYNE AND
HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON
LISTEN TO THE RADIO, THEY ARE
STARTLED TO HEAR...

DICK...
LISTEN...

CALLING THE
BATMAN AND ROBIN
WHEREVER THEY MAY
BE...YOU ARE REQUESTED
TO COME TO WASHINGTON
D.C. ... A MENNY
RADIO THE HEAD OF
THE F.B.I. WILL
MEET...



AND SO
BEGINS THE
GREATEST
MANHUNT OF ALL
TIME. AS ONE
GREAT, DISGRACED
CITY SWEEPS
ACROSS THE
COUNTRY LIKE
A BLOODY
FIRE - JOE
THE
JOKER?

CALLING
ALL COPS -
BE ON THE
LOOKOUT FOR
THE JOKER...

WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE
THE JOKER
1000 DOLLAR REWARD
IF HIS CAPTURED

HEIGHT: SIX FEET
TWO INCHES... COLOR
OF SKIN IS BLANK
WHITE EXCEPT FOR
RED LIPS... HAIR,
GREEN... THE
JOKER IS...



WE'RE
GOING
AFTER
THE
JOKER!

NOT JUST GOING
AFTER HIM -
WE'RE GOING
TO GET THE
JOKER
THIS TIME!



A SMALL RADIO STATION NEARBY...

...AS YET, THE JOKER HAS NOT APPEARED IN THIS TERRITORY AND...

YOU SPEAK TOO SOON!

GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THIS IS A SPECIAL PROGRAM COMING TO YOU FROM THE JOKER! HAT HAT TO THE POLICE AND I DECIDEDLY THE B.A.M. IN I HAVE THIS TO SAY... YOU MAY LOOK FOR ME, BUT YOU WON'T FIND ME!

AND ON A LONELY ROAD SOMEWHERE...

I-- THE JOKER... LAUGH AT YOUR EXPOSURE-- YOU HEAR ME? LAUGH! HAT HAT!

IT'S ABOUT EVERYBODY LOOKING FOR HIM, AND HE MAKES A SPEECH NOW!

THAT WAS STATION ROB-- A SHORT DISTANCE FROM HERE, I'LL HEAD RIGHT FOR IT!

BUT WHEN THEY ARRIVE, THEY FIND THE JOKER IS...

GONE! THE JOKER'S GONE!

YES... BUT WE'VE LEFT SOMETHING FOR US!

THE FIRST CLUE!

WHERE WERE I GOING WHEN BATHING?

WHAT'S IT MEAN?

THE JOKER'S JUST TOLD US HE'S GOING TO NEW JERSEY-- AND THAT'S WHERE WE'LL PICK UP HIS TRAIL! C'MON!

A SMALL TOWN SOMEWHERE IN NEW JERSEY....

GOOD PLAY, EH, JOHNNY? I HEAR THE VANDGILTS ARE LETTING THE ACTORS USE THE REAL VANDGILT DIAMONDS FOR TONIGHT'S OPENING PERFORMANCE.

GOOD PUBLICITY STUNT! HALF A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF DIAMONDS LENT BY THE PEOPLE CONCERNED IN THE PLAY!

VERY INTERESTING... IT

STRAIGHT FROM THE VANDGILT & PLAY ABOUT THE FIRST PART OF OUR...







A SWIFTLY-DRAWN GUN
SPRAYS JOKER GAS AT
THE CHARGING ROBIN!

YOU ARE
MUCH TOO
IMPETUOUS!

THIS GAS IS DILUTED AND ONLY
RENDERS THE VICTIM UNCONSCIOUS
FOR A FEW MOMENTS!

NOW--
IT'S
YOUR
TURN
...
LIGHT!

NOTE
QUITE
JOKER?

THE JOKER
WHEELS AND
FLEES. THE
BATMAN IN
PULL PURSUIT!
THE CHASE
TAKES THEM
UP A
MOUNTAIN
SIDE --

A
MONORAIL
CAUT A
PERFECT
ESCAPE!

I'LL SEE
YOU AGAIN
SOMETIME,
BATMAN!
HA! HA!

YOU'LL
SEE
ME
SOONER
THAN YOU
THINK --
IN FACT!

EVEN
SOONER!

OH
NEAT!
LO! HA!

A UNEXPECTED
VICIOUS KICK
ALMOST SENDS
THE BATMAN
PLUMMING INTO
GRAVING SPACE!

ANY
THAT ONE
MUST HAVE
HURT OH,
BATMAN?

THEN--

WHAT? THE CAR'S AROUND THE OTHER WAY-- BACK WHERE IT STARTED!

YOU'LL DROP RIGHT INTO MY HANDS NOW JOKER!

THE ANSWER: ROBIN HAS RECOVERED FROM THE GAS AND PULLED THE SWITCH THAT WILL SEND THE CAR BACK-- INTO THE JOKER'S IN IT!



BUT YOU ROBBY I KNOW A TRICK OR TWO MYSELF...



ARE YOU AGAINST ME NOT?

BEFORE THE ATROPHIED BATMAN AND ROBIN CAN RECOVER FROM THIS UNEXPECTED MOVE THE JOKER MAKES HIS ESCAPE!

LATER-- THEY FIND THE THIRD CLUE!

WARRAS, BUT IF THAT'S THE JOKER'S NEW MOVE, IT'S OURS TOO!

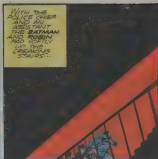
THE BATMOBILE ROCKETTS THRU STATE AFTER STATE ON THE TRAIL OF THE ELUSIVE JOKER!



THE BATMAN AND ROBIN CLING TO THE TRAIL WHEN STARTLING WORDS SNAP THEM UPRIGHT--

CALLING ALL CASES! THE JOKER HAS BEEN SEEN ENTERING A HOUSE ON 2255 CONCORSE AVE.



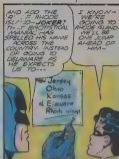


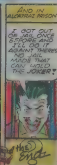
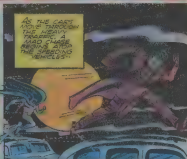
BUT AS THE MEN SPRING ON THE SEATED ROUSE-- A SUDDEN BLINDING FLASH--AND AN INVISIBLE HAND HEARS THEM BACK TO SHOCKED UNBELIEF ON THE FLOOR!



MINUTES LATER-- A DAZED GROUP RISES TO ITS UNSTEADY FEET--







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JAM PRENTICE'S FAMOUS
ELECTRIC FOOTBALL GAME
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moving Electric Game.



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gives for selling
only one order.
Safe delivery guar-
anteed.



DAISY'S
RED RYDER
Illustrated by Thomas Sargeant

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A lightning-loading, fast-shooting, 1000-shot Air Rifle. A real cowboy's gun. "Back Jones" also owns one.



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cable, lock, and zipper set.



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HOLSTER SET

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nature.



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TODAY



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versible gun, and removable tank.

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DESIGNED BY STEPHEN SUGANDER INC. N. Y.

1000-SHOT COWBOY CARBINE

MY BRAND
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"Looks just like a real Cow
boy Carbine. That's why I'm
proud to have my name ar-
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16-inch LEATHER SADDLE TRIM

"You can hang my
Carbine on your
wall like this...
as lovely as your
John. Being
cruiser and tied to
Carbine Range
and no more cow, Podger!"

WESTERN COWBOY RINGS

"18" and 20",
boys! For riding
the range, I whip a round
3-inch carbide made to fit,
and use the rubber and
my self-defense
to show the other side. Good!
I like this one the best.
I wish to see how
it looks in my hands!
I love it!"

SOME SIGHTS!

"It's a blunderbuss,
Feller! But it's Adjust-
able Underneath the
Sight for long range—
lower it for short. And
there's small notch for target
work. Larger notch for rough
shooting. And yet! Daisy
made it. From N.Y.C. G.C.S.
IN COLORED, we round
up at the Golden West!"

GOLDEN- HANDLED BARREL!

"These gummy
pocket-colored hands
round the barrel on here,
your look mighty poor...
kinda like the real gold
I want to prospect for
out there. You'll be
proud of 'em!"

CARBINE STYLE PONE-PRICE!

"Grab this beauty, send
curved, full length hand-
hold... it's wood
but 'nough' into your
hand and holds the
Carbine steady as a
rock!"

LIGHTING- LOADER INVENTION!

"Tons of magazine—
load in 1000 shot in 20
seconds—daisy shoot
1000 times without
ever loading back!"

IT'S YOURS

for \$295

ATTENTION BOYS! The Daisy you want for Christmas is now ready for you on display at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store! See them. Tell Dad the name of the store where he can get your Daisy for Christmas! Also, write for beautiful, new, 16-page, pocket-size Daisy CATALOG picturing all Daisy Air Rifles from \$1 to \$4.50, Targeteer Pistol, Telescope Sight, Accessories—and write for Red Ryder's Official SHOOTING MANUAL, "SHOOTING STRAIGHT." They're both FREE on request. Meanwhile, if you have the money or can get it, buy your Daisy NOW! If no Daisy Dealer near you, send to the price of the Daisy you want—we'll rush it to you post-paid! Duty added in Canada on all rifles.

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MY BRAND
ON STOCK!

"Looks just like a real Cow
boy Carbine. That's why I'm
proud to have my name an'
face branded on th' stock!"
—RED RYDER

RED RYDER

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER, INC., N. Y.

1000-SHOT COWBOY CARBINE

16-inch LEATHER
SADDLE THONG!

"You can hang my
carbine on your
wall like this...
or lash it to yore
'bike. Thong
comes attached
to Carbine Ring
—at no extra cost, Podner!"

WESTERN
CARBINE RING!

"Th' real article,
boys! For ridin'
th' range, I slip a stout
3-foot cord thru th' Ring
and tie th' other end
to my saddle-horn,
so she can't fall clear to th' ground
if she slides outa my saddle
holster or gets knocked
from my hands by
a ba'ar!"

SOME SIGHTS!

"It's a Humdinger,
Fellers! Raise th' Adjust-
able Double-Notch Rear
Sight for long range—
lower it for short. Aim
thru small notch for target
work...large notch for snap-
shooting. And say! Daisy
made th' Front Sight GOLD-
EN-COLORED to remind
yuh of th' Golden West!"

GOLDEN-
BANDED
BARREL!

"Those glittery
golden-colored bands
'round th' muzzle an' fore-
piece look mighty purty
... kinda like th' real gold
I used to prospect for
out West. You'll be
proud of 'em!"

CARBINE
STYLE
FORE-PIECE!

"Grab this husky, semi-
curved, full length hand-
hold... th' wood
just 'snugs' into your
hand and holds th'
Carbine steady as
a rock!"

LIGHTNING-
LOADER INVENTION!

"Twist th' magazine —
pour in 1000 shot in 20
seconds — then shoot
1000 times without
re-loadin' once!"

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Red RYDER CARBINE

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OPENS
DOUBLE CLICK

